INSIDE: THE HULK AND DAREDEVIL!

A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

No. 78

29th JULY 1967

EVERY MONDAY

7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10c. SOUTH AFRICA 8c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

IF YOU TWO GIRLISH GOONS WERE *EFFICIENT*, JACK BENNY AND THE *DYNAMIC DUO* WOULD BE LYING IN A HEAP--17 *STOREYS STRAIGHT DOWN!*

GOSH, BOSS, WE'RE *SORRY!*

THE "COLLECTOR'S" PLAN TO STOP THE DYNAMIC DUO AND JACK BENNY HAS FAILED— AND NOW THEY'RE ABOUT TO STORM IN, ON THE TRAIL OF JACK'S STOLEN FIDDLE!

SO WHAT SHOULD WE *DO?--KILL OURSELVES?*

GET *OUT!* GET OUT UNTIL I *CALL* YOU!

ON THE TOWERING TERRACE OF THE CLASSY CROOK'S HIGH-GRADE HIDEOUT...

I WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T JUST *OPEN* THE DOOR?

CRASH!

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PRAY COME *IN*, GENTLEMEN!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR MR. BENNY'S *VIOLIN--HERE IT IS!*

HE'LL *PAY* FOR THIS, MR. BENNY!

MY $100,000 *STRADIVARIUS--RUINED!*

SCHUNK!!

DON'T WORRY--A TRUE CONNOISSEUR LIKE "*THE COLLECTOR*" WOULD *NEVER* DESTROY A *REAL* STRADIVARIUS!

YOU MEAN--??

FLIP THE PAGE, BATFANS!

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YOU'RE **RIGHT**, BATMAN! HE'S JUST TRYING TO **FOOL** US!

THAT FIDDLE IS A **FAKE!**

QUITE **RIGHT**, BOY WONDER -- BUT THIS **GUN** IS **REAL!**

WILL MR. BENNY AND THE BOYS END UP AS CLAY PIGEONS IN A PRIVATE SHOOTING-GALLERY??

I SEEM TO HAVE THE **DROP** ON YOU, BUT I HATE TO BE **PERSONALLY** VIOLENT, SO --

--I'LL CALL IN A COUPLE OF **FRIENDS!**

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ARRGH!

DO YOU THINK THEY'LL STOP FOR A **PEANUT?**

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO **FIGHT**, CHUM!

BUT THE **ODDS** ARE SO **UNEVEN!**

DON'T WORRY, MR. BENNY-- WE WON'T HURT THEM ANY MORE THAN WE ABSOLUTELY **HAVE** TO

HE'S (OOF!) **SQUEEZING** ME TO (GASP!) **DEATH!**

SOMETHING GOTTA BE **DONE!**

"THE COLLECTOR'S" GORILLA GUARDS SEEM TO BE BEATING BATMAN AND THE BOY!

DON'T, MR. BENNY! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE HIM **MAD!**

YOU MEAN UNTIL NOW HE'S BEEN **KIDDING??**

MORE J'APE'RY WITH THE "COLLECTOR," **NEXT WEEK!**

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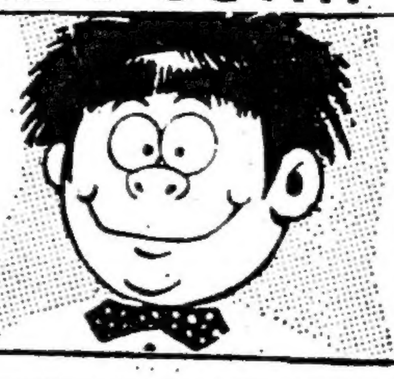
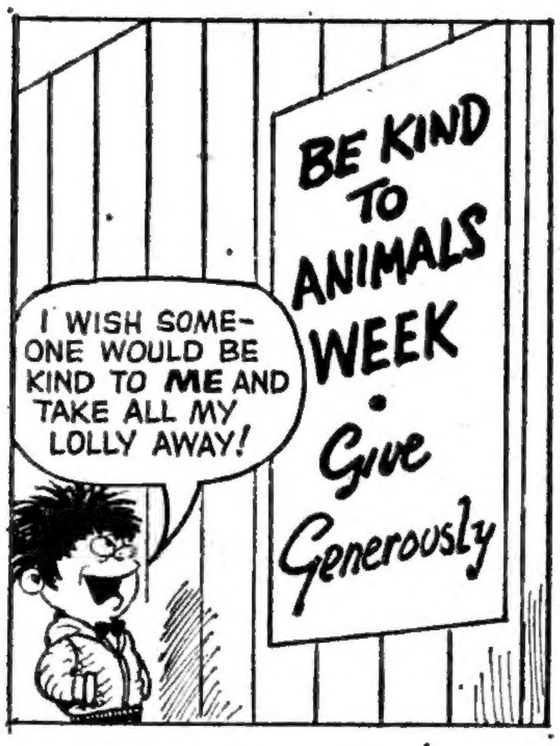
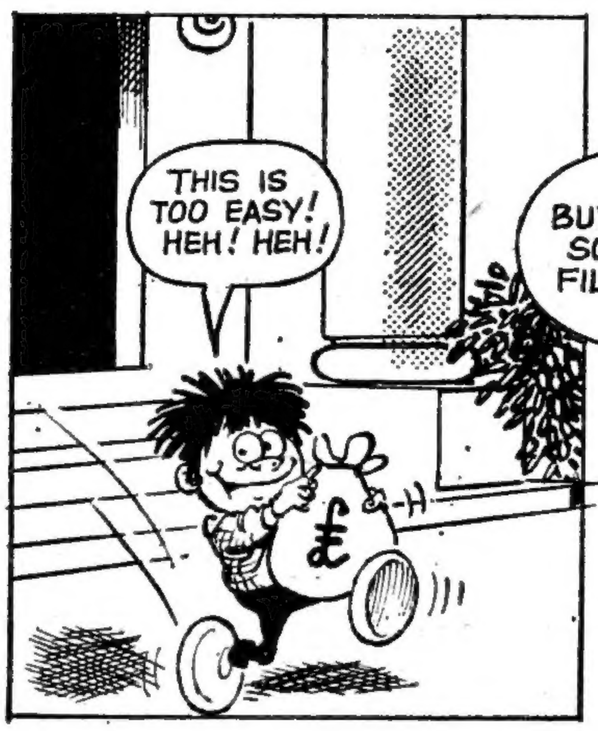
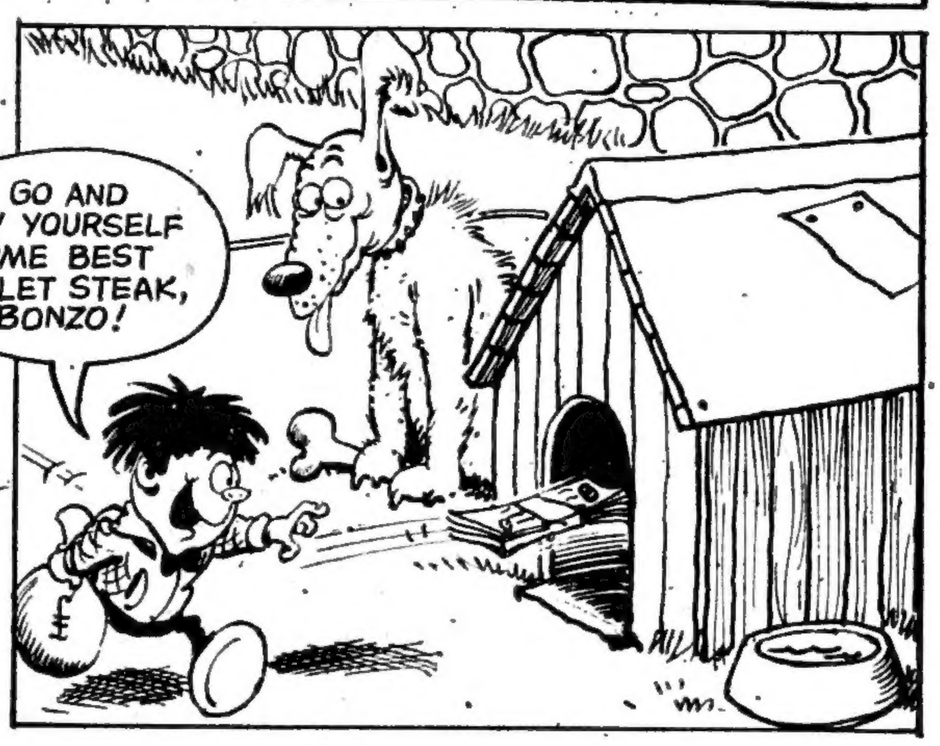
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

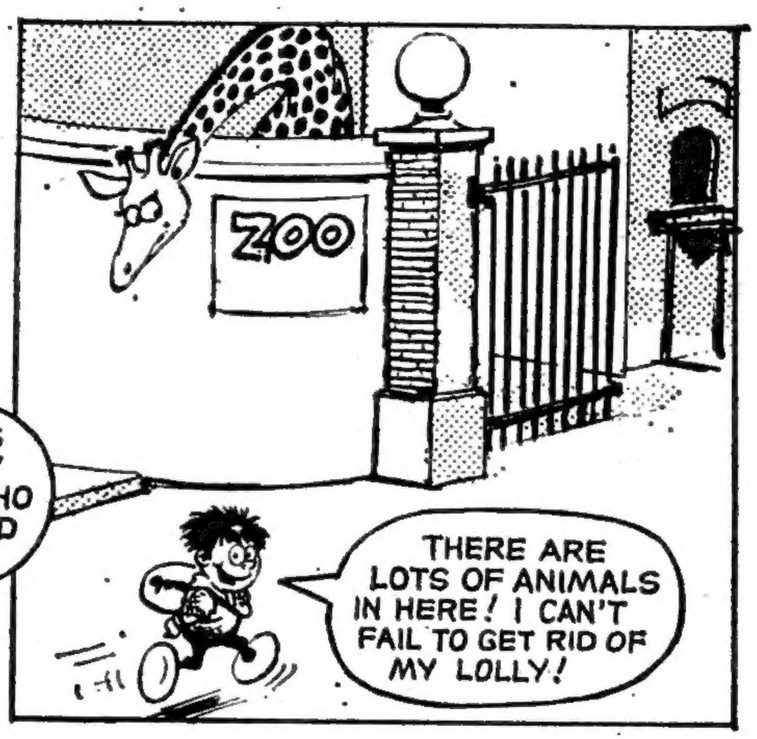
RONNIE RICH

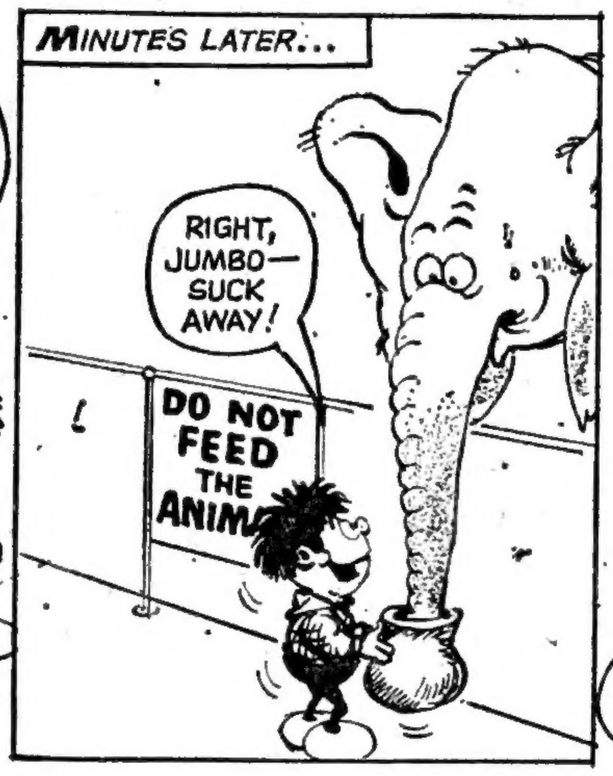


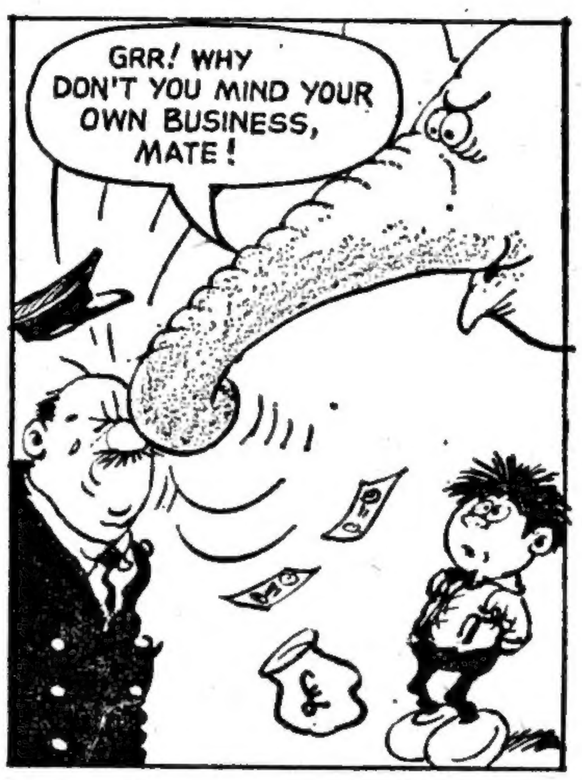


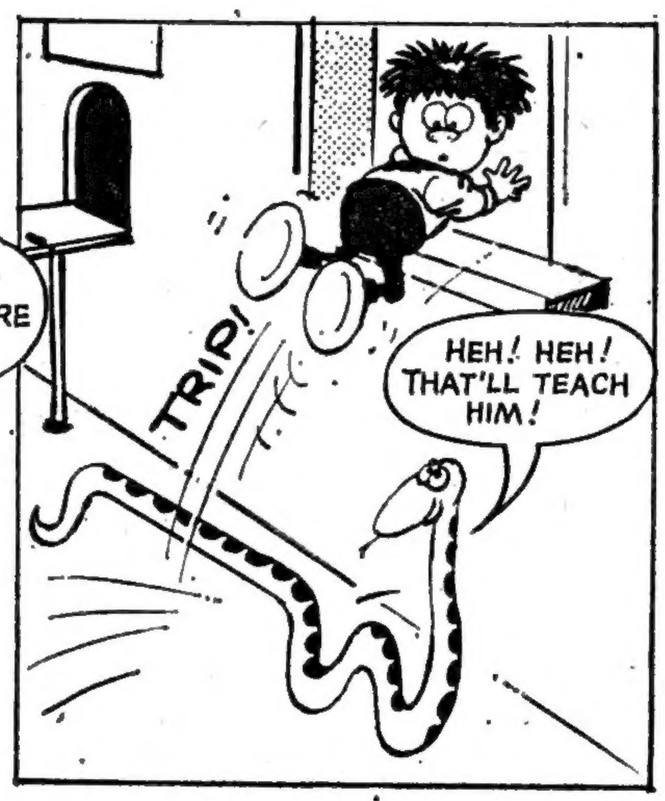












AND SO...
Give Generously
GRR! I'M RICHER THAN EVER! THERE WAS A THREE-HUNDRED POUND REWARD FOR THAT CROOK!
HELP!
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS INDEED!

BAD PENNY

AMMO

ONE PENNY 1967

HEH! HEH! JUST WATCH ME HAVE LOADS OF FUN SCARING PEOPLE!

NOVELTIES & TRICKS

AT THE PARK...

SHE'LL SEE SOMETHING HORRID IN A MINUTE — SNIGGER!

HORROR TALES

AIEEE!

pip

EEEK!

SHRIEK!

NOW TO GET MY REVENGE ON P.C. NICK!

HMM! NICE AND PEACEFUL TODAY!

EEARGH!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

HELP! SERGEANT, SAVE ME!

NOW WATCH THIS!

EEEEEK!

OOOH!

SILLY GIRL—IT'S ONLY A TOY!

BACK HOME...

NOW FOR SOME SWEEPING—I'LL GET A BROOM...

EEEK!

IT'S ONLY A PLASTIC BAT— SILLY MUM!

LATER...

COO! THAT WAS SMASHING FUN SCARING EVERY-ONE LIKE THAT! WISH I HAD SOMETHING ELSE TO SCARE THEM WITH!

ARGH!

EEK! IT WAS ALL ALIVE! MU-UM!

DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO SCARE PENNY— DOES IT, READERS?

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Alan Dillon, Kirkby, Liverpool; Ruth Elkins, Hayes End, Middx.; Sean O'Brien, Cork, Ireland; Anthony Chapman, Poynton; Timothy Harper, Auckland, New Zealand; Nigel Clarke, E. Finchley, N.2; Karen Lord, Eastwood, Essex; N. Mudford, Stoke Abbott, Dorset; Judy Barker, Goole, Yorks.; Robert Macey, West Molesey, Surrey; B. Mead, Upper Cumbran, Mon.; Robert Clarke, Maidstone, Kent; Paul Lissimore, Wellingborough, Northants.; Alan Stevens, E. Lothian, Scotland; John Rainbird, High Wycombe, Bucks.; Bart O'Farrell, Dublin 11; Steven Couzens, Acton, London, W.3; Martin Wilkes, Coventry, Warks.; Diane Waller, Hartlepool, Co. Durham; John Chambers, Bognor Regis.

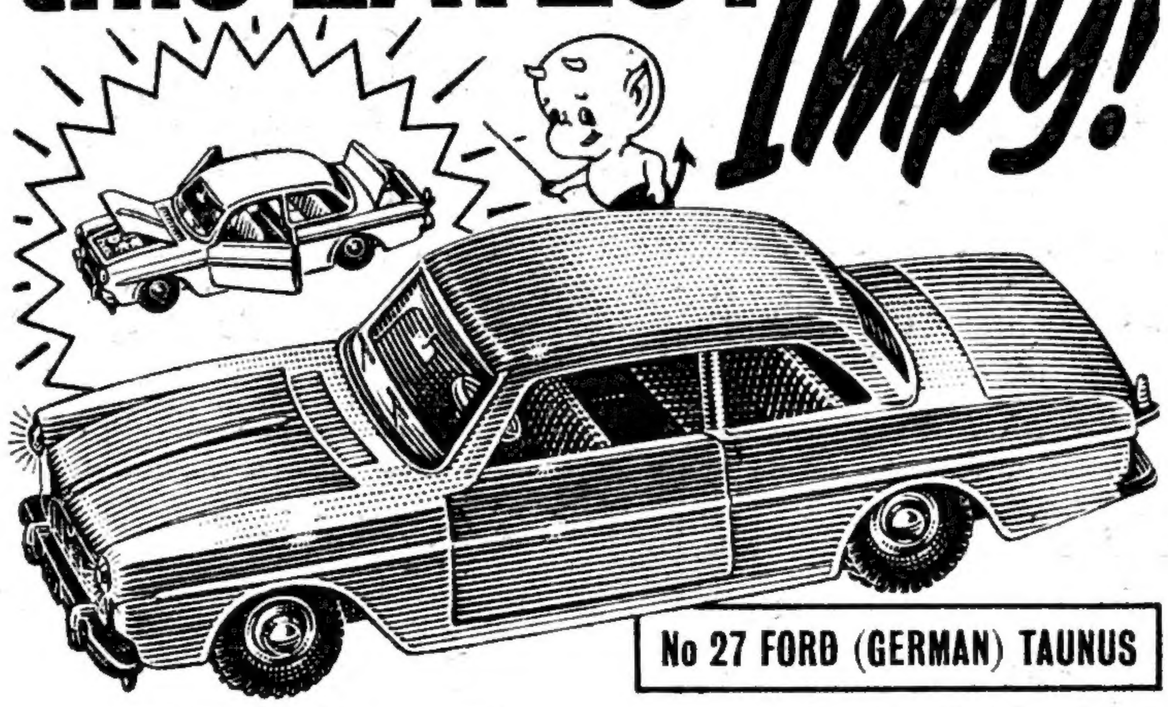
IT'S high time you were introduced to some more members of the garret gang! Not just because it's NICE to meet people, anyway! And not just because they're nice people to MEET! No, the real reason is that a letter from a Power Fan we received the other day has got us worried! He's been under the impression that his favourite lively literature is produced SOLELY by editors, artists and writers! Brother, he couldn't be more wrong! But, as said, we're bothered that more of you frantic ones may have had the same notion. And that should be put right! . . . right now!

For instance, we hate to think how we'd cope without master letterer Bill Nuttall and his associates Peggy Dean and David Gould and the rest of our laudable lettering crew! Simple truth is . . . we **couldn't**! Same thing goes for our trusted team of subs and editorial assistants. Deadline diehards all . . . like David Tinkler, Graham Pearson, Geoff Cowan and Paul Cohen! And what do they do? Listen! Day after day there are scripts, artwork and lettering to read, sub and check! **Somebody** has to coax our script-scribes to deliver their stories on time! **Somebody** has to sweet-talk to our amiable artists to deliver on time! And **somebody** has to traffic the whole finished set (written, drawn and lettered) to the **printers** on time! And that's only part of the job, believe us! Sounds hectic? IT IS!

Matching our peerless pages, **design-wise**, up to the high standard we demand of story and art is the awesome activity of such lyrical layout artists as John Mead, Derek Pierson, Gordon Stanton and Paul Ailey. And (as somebody or other once said), last but not least, we must not overlook Bobbie and Danielle, virtuosos of the typewriter keyboard, who (via Pitman's Shorthand) translate our distracted mumblings into neat, concise and efficient correspondence, and so help to persuade the outside world that we really are a BUSINESS house!

Still *the letters come in from fans telling of instances when they were unable to get their favourite POWER reading matter from their local newsagents. Well, we've said it before and we'll say it again! . . . the only way to make SURE of getting ANY weekly publication is by placing a* **firm order** *with your newsagent! After all, be fair, if he orders too many copies and doesn't sell them (and can you imagine this* ever *happening with a POWER paper?) he loses money! Thus most newsagents stock in only WHAT THEY'VE BEEN ASKED FOR BY THEIR CUSTOMERS! . . . So, if you're smart, if you want to make SURE that* you *never miss out on your favourite comic, why not DO JUST THAT! Tell your newsagent what you want him to get in for you every week! He'll be tickled pink, and* you *will never be disappointed!*

Just take a look at this LATEST Impy!



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IT'S... DAREDEVIL VERSUS ELECTRO!

COPTOR SIGHTSEEING CO.
I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE SCHEDULE OF THESE SIGHT-SEEING WHIRLY-BIRDS! EXACTLY TWO MINUTES AND FIFTY SECONDS AFTER TAKE-OFF IT SHOULD BE DIRECTLY OVER THE BAXTER BUILDING! I'M KEEPING TIME BY LISTENING TO MY OWN PULSE-BEAT!! I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE ONE SECOND OFF!!
HIGH OVER THE TOWERING SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK SWINGS DAREDEVIL, HIS EVERY SENSE ALERT...KNOWING THAT THE SLIGHTEST MIS-CALCULATION, THE SLIGHTEST MISHAP, WILL RESULT IN HIS INSTANT-ANEOUS DEATH! BUT HOW ELSE CAN HE CATCH ELECTRO, THE EVIL MASTER OF ELECTRICITY, OFF HIS GUARD?
Buy it

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 196

MEANTIME, WE FIND ELECTRO STILL WITHIN THE F.F. HEADQUARTERS, APPLYING HIS AWESOME POWERS TO REED RICHARDS' PRIVATE VAULT...
THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY I CAN GENERATE IS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO CUT THROUGH ANY STEEL VAULT DOOR EVER BUILT!!

JUST AS I EXPECTED! ALL SORTS OF MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS AND NOTES!! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THEM, BUT THEY'LL BE WORTH A FORTUNE TO ANY FOREIGN POWER I CONTACT!

AND, DIRECTLY ABOVE ...

EXACTLY TWO MINUTES AND FIFTY SECONDS.. AND I CAN SENSE A GREAT SURGE OF ELECTRICAL POWER DIRECTLY BENEATH ME!

A PAIR OF EYES CAN BE DECEIVED... BUT ALL MY SENSES TOGETHER CAN NEVER BE MISTAKEN! *THIS* IS THE SPLIT-SECOND! THE SKYLIGHT MUST BE RIGHT BELOW ME!

AND THEN...

MADE IT! IN EXACTLY ONE HALF SECOND, I'LL DO A COMPLETE SOMER-SAULT, BREAKING MY FALL, AND ENABLING ME TO LAND GENTLY ON MY FEET!

DAREDEVIL!!!

IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!!* NOBODY COULD HAVE ESCAPED FROM THAT MISSILE!! I SAW IT HEAD FOR SPACE *MYSELF!!*

NOBODY *COULD* HAVE ESCAPED... EXCEPT *DAREDEVIL!!*

THERE'S NO NEED FOR ME TO FIGHT YOU NOW! I'VE *GOT* WHAT I WANT!

ONCE I BURN THROUGH THE ELEVATOR DOOR AND REACH THE ELECTRIC CABLE, EVEN DAREDEVIL WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH ME!!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE'S PLANNING... BUT I CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT!!

I *THOUGHT* SO! I CAN TELL BY THE SOUND! HE'S SLIDING DOWN THE ELECTRIC CABLES BY MEANS OF HIS OWN ELECTRICAL POWER! HE'LL REACH THE STREET IN SECONDS!

FAREWELL, DAREDEVIL!! IF YOU SHOULD SEE THE FANTASTIC FOUR, THANK THEM FOR THEIR SECRET FORMULAE! I'M SURE AN ENEMY NATION WILL PAY ME A *FORTUNE* FOR THEM!

SO! HE'S ESCAPING WITH THE F.F.'S SCIENTIFIC SECRETS!! NOW I *DARE* NOT LET HIM ESCAPE! OUR ENTIRE NATION'S SECURITY MAY BE AT STAKE!! WELL, WHERE ELECTRO CAN GO, DAREDEVIL CAN FOLLOW!

WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE ELEVATOR SHAFT, THIRTY-FIVE STORIES ABOVE STREET LEVEL!! THEN, WAVING HIS CANE FRANTICALLY, UNTIL THE CURVED HANDLE CATCHES ON TO THE ELEVATOR CABLE, HE SWINGS HIMSELF AROUND, THE MOMENTUM OF HIS LUNGE CARRYING HIM 'ROUND AND 'ROUND THE CABLE LIKE A PIN-WHEEL, BREAKING HIS FALL AND ENABLING HIM TO MAKE HIS DESCENT SMOOTHLY AND SWIFTLY!!

THIS IS ONE OF THE TIMES I'M *LUCKY* TO BE BLIND! IF I COULD *SEE* WHAT I'M DOING, I MIGHT BE SCARED STIFF!!

SECONDS LATER, AFTER THE TWO ANTAGONISTS HAVE REACHED THE STREET...

NO MATTER WHERE HE RUNS, THE SOUND OF HIS RACING FEET IS LIKE DRUMBEATS TO MY EARS!

IT'S INCREDIBLE!! I HAVE ALL THE POWERS OF ELECTRICITY AT MY COMMAND, AND YET DAREDEVIL, WITH NOTHING BUT HIS OWN SKILL AND STRENGTH, MANAGES TO THWART ME AT EVERY TURN!

I'LL USE MY ELECTRIC MAGNETISM TO HITCH A RIDE ATOP THIS CAR! THIS IS *ONE* FEAT THAT DAREDEVIL WON'T BE ABLE TO DUPLICATE!!

THE FOOTSTEPS HAVE STOPPED! IT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! HE'S HOPPED ON TO A *CAR*!!

LUCKILY I CAN STILL SENSE ELECTRICAL VIBRATIONS! THEY'RE STRONG ENOUGH TO GUIDE ME IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION! I HAVEN'T LOST HIM YET!

A CAR WON'T HELP ELECTRO IN THIS MIDTOWN NEW YORK TRAFFIC! I CAN MAKE *FASTER* TIME BY RUNNING FROM ROOF TO ROOF WHILE THEY ALL STOP FOR THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS!

GUIDED BY THE POWERFUL ELECTRIC EMANATIONS FROM HIS BODY, I CAN'T MISS HIM!

TAXI

FINALLY, REALIZING HE CANNOT HOPE TO OUTDISTANCE HIS RELENTLESS PURSUER IN THE STREETS, ELECTRO USES HIS AMAZING POWER TO DRAW HIM UNDER A THEATER MARQUEE AS HE HEADS FOR THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST LUXURIOUS MOVIE HOUSES IN THE CITY...

THE SOUNDS OF MANY VOICES...FLICKERING BULBS...TICKETS BEING TORN AND CHANGING HANDS...IT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! ELECTRO IS RACING INTO A MOVIE THEATRE!

IF HE FOLLOWS ME IN HERE, IT'LL BE HIS UNDOING! THERE ARE COUNTLESS FORMS OF ELECTRICITY INSIDE, WHICH I'LL BE ABLE TO USE AGAINST HIM!

NEW YORK

FIRST RUN

THEN, INSIDE THE PALATIAL SHOWPLACE, WHERE A STAGE REVUE IS IN PROGRESS...

I CAN SMELL BURNING IONS! IT'S INCREDIBLE! ELECTRO IS PROPELLING HIMSELF TOWARDS THE STAGE BY THE ELECTRICAL ATTRACTION OF THE METAL SEAT PLATES IN THE THEATRE AISLE!

THE ELECTRIC CHARGE OF HIS BODY IS SO POWERFUL THAT I CAN ESTIMATE HIS EXACT SPEED... AND THE SOUND OF HIS OVER-ACTIVE PULSE RATE IS ENOUGH TO LEAD ME UNERRINGLY AFTER HIM!

MAY I SEE YOUR TICKET, PLEASE? I SAID...I..I.. =ULP!=

EACH ELECTRIC BULB I PASS...EACH LIVE WIRE...EACH CIRCUIT AND SWITCH INCREASES MY POWER AS MY BODY *ABSORBS* THEIR ENERGY!

THE TEMPERATURE HAS RISEN 27 DEGREES! IT CAN ONLY MEAN ARC LIGHTS, INDICATING A STAGE SHOW! AND THE SCENT OF PERFUME AND THEATRICAL MAKE-UP... SHOW-GIRLS!! THEY'RE SCREAMING! THEY MUST SEE *ELECTRO!*

FROM THE SOUND OF THE GIRLS' CRIES, THEIR HEADS ARE TILTED BACK! THEY'RE LOOKING *UP!!* I HEAR A RUSTLING IN THE CURTAINS ABOVE ME! ELECTRO MUST BE ON THE CATWALK OVERHEAD!

WITH ALL THE GUIDE ROPES AND CABLES HANGING IN THE WINGS, EVEN A MAN WITHOUT SIGHT CAN MAKE HIS WAY ABOVE EASILY ENOUGH!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE STUPID ENOUGH TO FOLLOW ME UP *HERE*, DAREDEVIL! EVEN YOUR STRENGTH AND AGILITY WON'T PROTECT YOU AGAINST MY ELECTRIC BOLTS!

OHHH! THAT FELT LIKE THE KICK OF A MULE!! THE PEOPLE BELOW WERE SCREAMING SO LOUD THAT I COULDN'T HEAR ELECTRO'S BOLT FLASHING TOWARD ME...WASN'T ABLE TO DODGE!

I'M *FALLING!* HAVE TO REACH OUT WITH MY CANE HANDLE... FAST!!

I'M IN LUCK!! CAUGHT ON TO SOMETHING!

LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH!! HE'S TOSSING MORE BOLTS! HE'S JUST *TOYING* WITH ME NOW!

HE'LL KNOCK ME OFF AGAIN, WHENEVER HE'S READY, UNLESS... *WAIT!* MY FINGER TIPS FEEL LINES OF ELECTRIC ENERGY BENEATH THEM! IT MEANS WIRES.. LEADING TO A CENTRAL CONTROL BOX!!

IT MUST BE THE CONTROL PANEL FOR THE MOVING CURTAINS!! I'LL REACH IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CURRENT'S FLOW, AND IF I'M LUCKY...

WHERE IS YOUR FOOLISH CONFIDENCE *NOW*, DAREDEVIL?? OR, HAS IT *DESERTED* YOU, BECAUSE YOUR TIME IS UP?!!

AND NOW, I'VE *TIRED* OF THIS GAME! AND SO, I'LL FINISH YOU OFF, AND... *WHA*... ?? WHAT'S *THAT*?? OH... *NO!*

THE FALLING CURTAIN... I CAN'T DODGE IT IN TIME!! CAN'T KEEP MY BALANCE!! NOTHING TO HOLD *ON* TO...!!

STOP WHINING, YOU HIGH-VOLTAGE HEEL!! THE CURTAIN ITSELF IS BULKY ENOUGH TO BREAK YOUR FALL! AND THERE ARE SURE TO BE SOME *POLICE* WAITING BELOW TO WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS!

AND DAREDEVIL'S PREDICTION PROVES TO BE CORRECT! FOR, BY THE TIME THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR REACHES THE STAGE...

KEEP THAT WATER ON HIM! HE'S HELPLESS IF HE'S SHORT-CIRCUITED!

I'LL *GET* YOU FOR THIS, DAREDEVIL! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE *LAST* OF ME!

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE, MASKED VILLAIN! YOU PROFESSIONAL BAD-GUYS MUST ALL STUDY YOUR SPEECHES OUT OF THE SAME TEXT-BOOKS!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THE COLOURFUL ADVENTURER IS BACK AT F.F. HEADQUARTERS, PERFORMING A WELDING JOB WHICH EVEN A *SIGHTED* EXPERT WOULD BE PROUD OF!

THERE! RICHARDS' SAFE IS AS GOOD AS NEW AGAIN!

NOW I'LL START WORK ON THE LEASE, AND... *TOO LATE!* I HEAR THE *FANTASTI-CAR* NEARBY!

RACING FROM THE BAXTER BUILDING TOWER LIKE A SILENT WRAITH, DAREDEVIL QUICKLY CHANGES BACK TO HIS EVERY-DAY IDENTITY, AND... WITHIN MINUTES...

ANYONE KNOW WHERE A FELLA CAN FIND A GOOD LAWYER?

HI, MATT! EVERY-THING ALL TAKEN-CARE OF?

MR. MURDOCK! YOU'RE BACK!

BUT, BEFORE THE HANDSOME ATTORNEY CAN ANSWER...

MURDOCK, WE WANNA *SUE* SOMEBODY! WHILE WE WERE GONE, SOME NUT BUSTED OUR SKYLIGHT, AND...

OH *NOOOO*! NOT *AGAIN*!!

IT..IT'S THE *THING*, MR. MURDOCK!

THANKS, KAREN! BUT SOMEHOW I FEEL I WOULD HAVE *GUESSED* THAT!!

MR. GRIMM, WHY DON'T YOU TRY WRITING US A *LETTER* NEXT TIME?!

CRUNCH

WE'LL REPLACE THAT DOOR FOR YOU, MURDOCK! AND NOW, MAY WE HAVE YOUR REPORT ABOUT OUR LEASE?
I'M SORRY, MR. RICHARDS! I, EH, JUST DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET TO IT, YET!
IS ZAT SO? WHAT DO THEY CALL YOUR OUTFIT ANYWAY...THE LIGHTNIN' BOYS??
NOW, NOW! IF YOU'LL JUST BE PATIENT, I'M SURE MY PARTNER CAN EXPLAIN!
NEVER MIND! WE'LL FIND SOME OTHER LAWYERS...WHO WORK A BIT FASTER!
MATT...HOW COULD YOU LOSE US FOUR FAMOUS CLIENTS LIKE THEM??
IT WASN'T EASY, PARTNER! BELIEVE ME!!
POOR MATT! HIS CLIENTS GONE...HIS PARTNER DISAPPOINTED...ELECTRO OUT TO GET HIM...AND THIS WAS A SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURE! IMAGINE IF HE EVER FAILED! ANYWAY, MORE THRILLS, GUEST STARS, AND SURPRISES NEXT ISH! DAREDEVIL WILL BE EXPECTING YOU!!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!

YOU'LL WIN £1 IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED!

Dear Alf and Cos ? ? ?

I think my letters must have 'B.O.' or something, I've sent at least 20 letters to you, but not one's been printed. One thing that's always bugging me, does Cos really exist ? We have all seen Alf but never Cos. And another thing. Where do you get all those names for the Twenty Frantic Followers ?

Rob Dine,
Chelsfield, Kent.

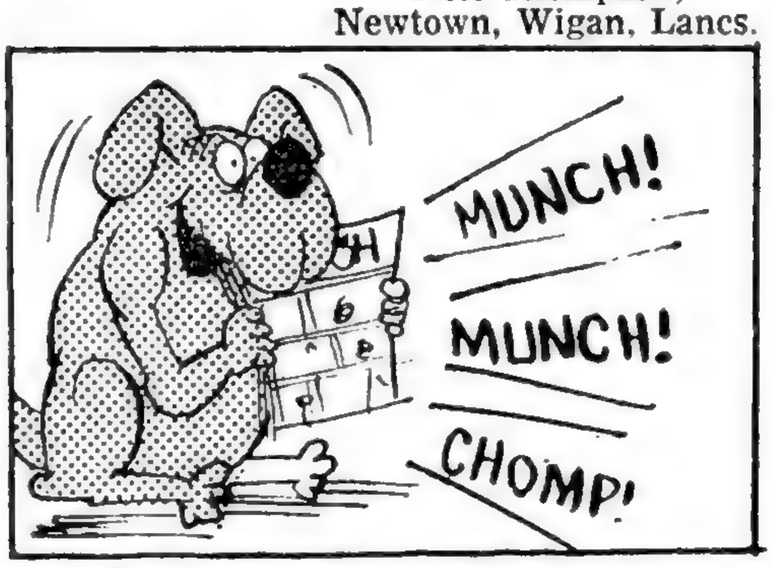
You can put your mind at rest, Rob, I can assure you Cos does *exist—he's always bugging me, too! The Twenty Frantic Followers are the names of readers who write in to the Power House. I don't know about your letters having B.O.—but my letter's got a P.O. It's for £1 and it's in the post to you right now!*

Alf.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I've just got an Alsatian puppy which is only ten weeks old, and I thought I should let you know how good he thinks your comic is. On the morning that SMASH is delivered, I have to rush downstairs and get it before him—because he chews it. So, that shows he thinks it's as good to eat as I think it is to read. We **both** think it's SMASHing.

Neil Thompson,
Newtown, Wigan, Lancs.



See ! Even a pup realises there's plenty to chew on *in a copy of SMASH.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am writing to ask you if any of your fans has a worse name than mine, because all my friends sing "THESE BOOTS WERE MADE FOR WALKING," when I go by.

My favourites in your comic are Bad Penny and The Nervs—and I don't like Batman.

Peter Boots,
Bradford.

What's in a name ? Don't let it get you down Peter. Every time Cos walks in the room we all start singing, "Lettuce *with a gladsome mind!" And he just grins and bears it!*

Alf.

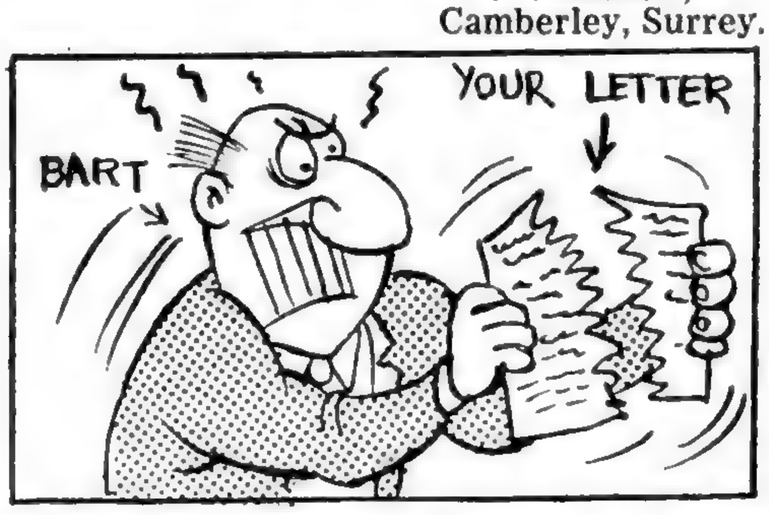
Dear Alf and Cos,

It's not fair ! Cos is small, and he only appears in one comic. Here is my description of Alf, Bart and Cos. Alf—The well-built, tall, intelligent sort of man with a dark suit and polished shoes. He sits on a chair with a cigar in his mouth and a glass of whisky on his desk. Cos—He is short, fat with a brown jacket, black trousers, dirty shoes and odd socks. He does not have an office—unlike Alf, and has a pint of beer in one pocket and Alf's cigar butts in the other (no grudge to you, Cos). Bart—He is big and wide, and, in fact, he is an ex-heavyweight wrestler. He wears a rough waistcoat and has a brutish smile and a cigarette in his mouth. He also has odd shoes and rough trousers.

Alf with a Rolls-Royce passes Cos with a Morris 1000 who passes Bart, who, on his B.S.A. Victor is last at the office.

P.S. I hope I'm not too personal.

P. J. Luckett,
Camberley, Surrey.



You've been spying on us, haven't you ? Actually, neither Alf nor Bart smoke (and Bart packed up smiling, too, after reading your letter !).

Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Have you gone mad or something ? When I read SMASH on Saturday I always turn straight to the HULK and this week when I turned to the Hulk I found that there were only three pages. After I saw what else you have done, like given Danger Mouse an extra half page, I wondered where you got the space from. Then I realised that you got the page from the HULK ! That was the last straw ! I got everybody in my class who reads SMASH to tell their pals in other schools, to stop reading SMASH, if you do not give back the HULK's pages. But I have to be fair and let you have three weeks before you decide. I have added up the people who will help me and the number is now three-hundred and twenty-five.

Robert Parkin,
London, N.8.

With odds like that against us, what else could we do but make sure we put in proper HULK-length sagas, after that, for you power-people ! And just to show there's no hard feelings, we thought you'd like Daredevil as well !

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In Smash No. 69, Peter Elliott suggested that two English crime-fighters replace Batman and Robin. Why don't you send an English master-criminal in against them, instead ? Not one of these half-wits who dress up and can be spotted a mile off, but a *sensible* crook. (Well, as I said, an English master-criminal !) Perhaps 'Man-in-the-street' who would commit ordinary crimes by ordinary methods (Batman won't even be able to tell which are his), and can always make a quick get-away by mingling with other men in the street. 'Man-in-the-street' wouldn't go in for exploding tennis-courts, nor even an electric bowler. He wouldn't need to, he'd be invincible.

Julia Dodds,
Yorks.

Good idea, Julia, but there's one thing wrong ! If your English master-criminal looked just like any other 'man in the street' then he would be too ordinary for you to enjoy !

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I just got Smash No. 69 for the first time. It's great, marvellous, SMAAAA-SHH !

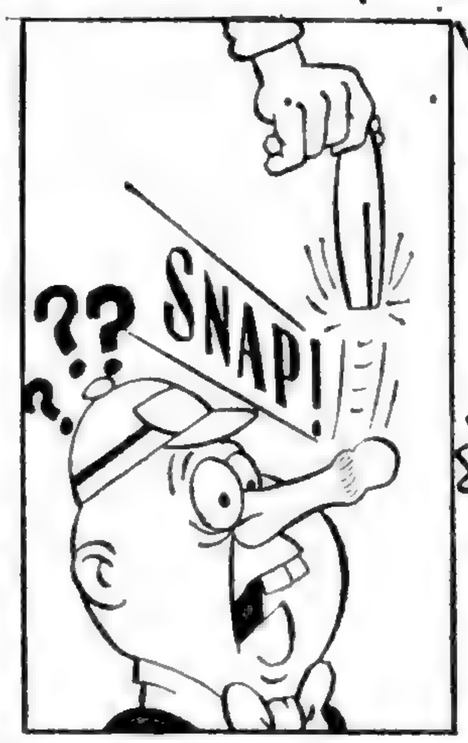
One complaint, though. Can't you be more imaginative with Batman's opponents ? You could hardly call Jolly Roger a super opponent, could you ? Why don't you bring in some super-duper, out-of-this-world opponents ? Man, then we would have some fireworks! Imagine old Batman against an opponent with super powers.

John Shaw,
Cork City, Ireland.

Wait till people like Penguin hear about it!

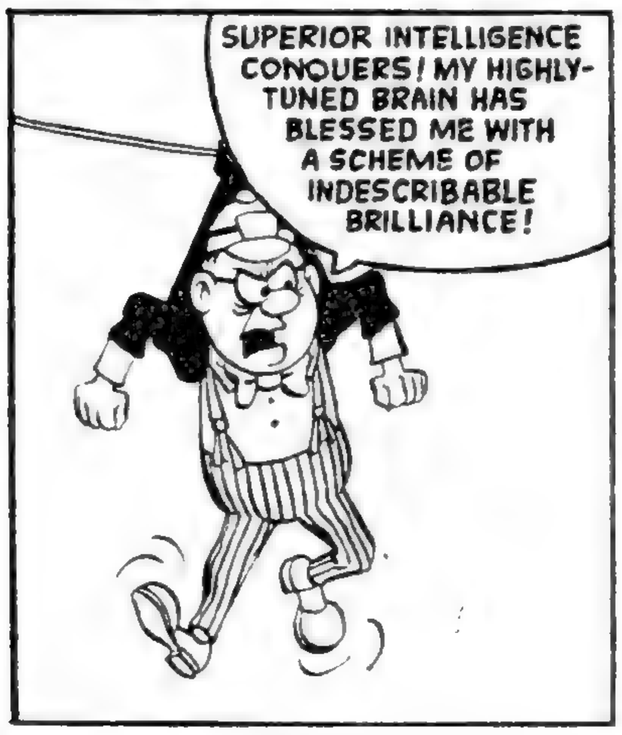
Alf and Cos.

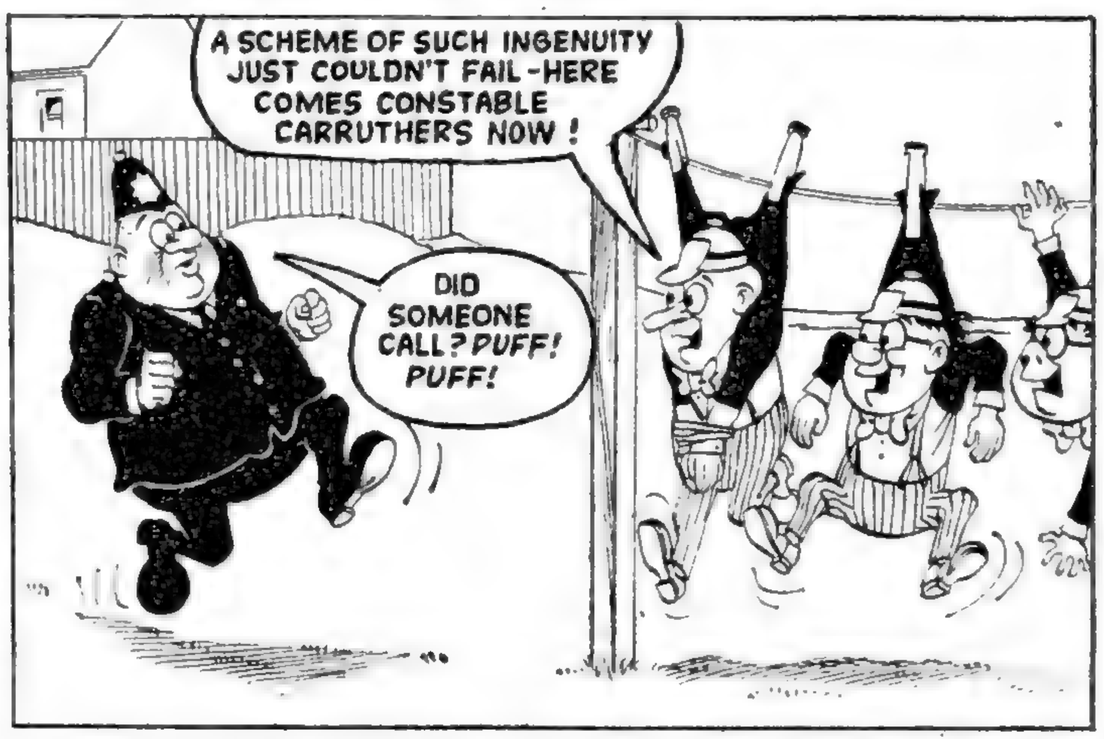
The SWOTS and the BLOTS



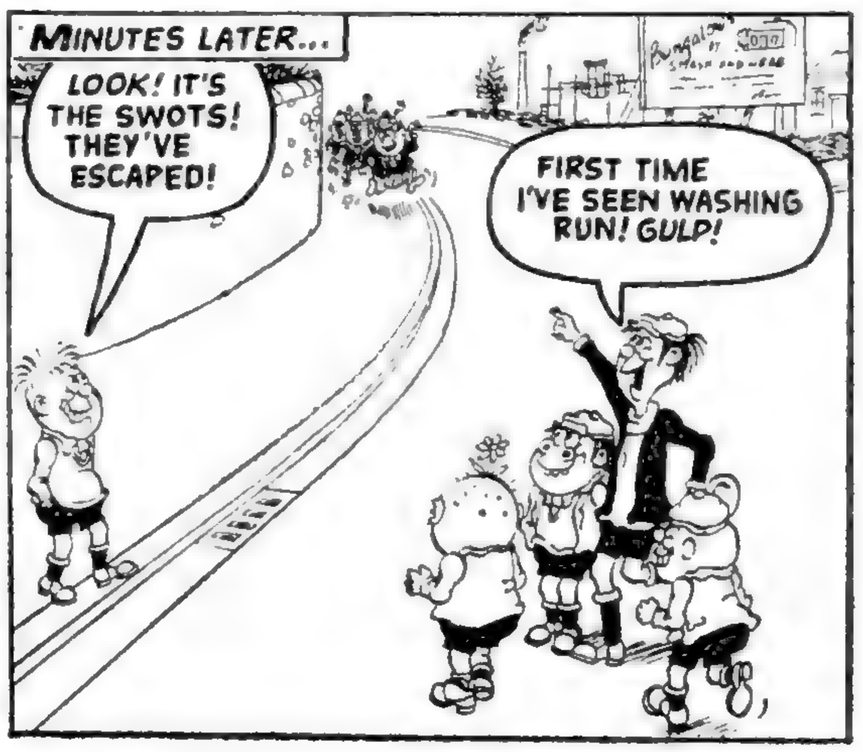
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, MATE! HEH! HEH!
NICE OF HIM TO BRING HIS OWN CLOTHES PEGS! HEH! HEH!
AAGH! GET ME DOWN, YOU CADS! I'VE GOT TO GO TO SCHOOL! AAGH!

WE MUSTN'T TAKE THIS HANGING DOWN, CHAPS - LADS OF OUR SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE SHOULD BE ABLE TO THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THIS LITTLE PICKLE!





MANY THANKS, CONSTABLE - I'LL SEE THE INSPECTOR HEARS ABOUT THIS!
PERSONALLY, I WOULD LEAVE THEM UP THERE - BUT THE INSPECTOR IS CYRIL'S DAD!



HEH! HEH! LET'S SPIN DRY THEM THIS TIME, INSTEAD!

AGH! THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT'S GOT US! GULP!

THAT CANE I NICKED FROM TEACH COMES IN HANDY!

??

PERFECT! A BULL'S-EYE!

SMITH & SON

SMASH

WAAGH! MOTHER! HELP! HELP! I FEEL ILL!

HO! HO! HOW'S THAT FOR A SPIN-DRIER?

IT'LL SPIN THE ALL THE WATER OUT OF CECIL'S KNEES!

LOOK WHAT I FOUND, LADS - LET'S IRON THE TWERPS NEXT! CYRIL'S GOT A FEW WRINKLES THAT NEED PRESSING!

CHUG!

CHUG!

CLANK!

OH, HECK! YOU'VE RUN OVER SOMETHING, BILLY!

CRUNCH!

AAGH! IT'S ME THERMOS FLASK YOU'VE RUN OVER! I'LL PULVERISE THE LOT OF YOU FOR THIS!

GRR! IT WAS A PRESENT FROM ME DEAR OL' GRAN!

OOH!

AAGH!

OUCH!

LATER IN CLASS...

COO! JUST LISTEN TO THEM!

BOO! HOO! IT'S NOT FAIR!

WAIL! HOWL! GROAN!

WHAT A RACKET!

I KNEW WE'D FIND A USE FOR THESE!

HO! HO! WELL DONE, CLARENCE! THAT'S SHUT THEM UP!

PEACE! PERFECT PEACE!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

I'LL *NEVER* MAKE IT HOME WITH THIS LOT - I SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT MY TELLY WITH ME!

COO! MAYBE MY TELLY COULD HELP ME!

I'LL TAKE POT LUCK— FIRST ONE OUT GETS THE JOB!

EEK! ZE ENGLISH HAVE GOT ME AGAIN!

SUFFERING FROGGIES! IT'S NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!

GRR! YOU CAN'T CARRY VERY MUCH WITH ONE HAND— TAKE YOUR OTHER ONE OUT OF YOUR JACKET!

I WILL NOT— I NEVER TAKE *EET* OUT! *NEVERR!*

GRR! YOU TAKE IT OUT, *CHUM* - OR ELSE! *GRR!*

G-GULP!

GRR! COME BACK, YOU ROTTEN COWARD! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THERE ANY-WAY?

HELP! I VILL NOT TELL! IT'S A MILITARY SECRET!

THE ENGLISH DOG VILL DIE - I AM ZE BEST SWORDS-MAN IN ALL OF FRANCE!

HAVE AT YE, ENGLISH PUPPY DOG! DEFEND THY HONOUR!

AAGHH! CAN'T WE MAKE IT CATAPULTS AT TWENTY PACES?

SKIDDD!

WHY COULDN'T WELLINGTON RUN LIKE THIS ENGLISH DOG?

HELP! HELP! A MAD FRENCHY! SOMEONE CLOBBER HIM!

GOSH! FRENCH MUSTARD! OLD NAPOLEON SHOULD LIKE THIS! HEH! HEH!

LTD GROCER

I'M MUSTARD AT WIZARD WHEEZES!

CHARGE!

???

AAGH! I'M ON FIRE! TREACHEROUS ENGLISH DOG - AT LEAST THE DUKE PLAYED FAIR! GASP! GASP!

WATER! WATER! I MUST HAVE ZE WATER!

CRACK! SPONG!

WHAT A CLOT! THERE'S NOT EVEN A FOOT OF WATER IN THAT POOL!

NOW TO FIND OUT WHY HE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS HAND IN THERE!

HO! HO! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? HE'S HOLDING ON TO HIS BRACES - THERE ARE NO BUTTONS ON THAT SIDE!

MY NEED IS GREATER THAN OLD BONEY'S - THEY'RE NOT MUCH GOOD WITHOUT BUTTONS!

GRR! MY GREAT SECRET HAS BEEN REVEALED AT LAST! GRR!

NO WONDER YOU LOST AT WATERLOO! HO! HO!

NOW I CAN CARRY ALL THE SHOPPING HOME MYSELF!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"THE BIRTH OF... THE HULK-KILLER!"

BUY BAR

NOW SHOWING MONSTER

ONE WAY

NO

PALACE

IN

AT THIS MOMENT, ALL YOU NEED KNOW IS THAT A DEADLY *ORION MISSILE*, SABOTAGED BY AN ENEMY SPY, IS HEADED FOR-- THE *HEART OF NEW YORK!*

LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE *ON* THE MISSILE!

TRUE ENOUGH, THERE *IS* SOMEONE RIDING THE DEADLY MISSILE/ SOMEONE WE KNOW AS *DR. BRUCE BANNER--*

THERE'S *STILL* ONE CHANCE OF SAVING THE CITY!

I *DESIGNED* THIS MISSILE! I KNOW EVERY CIRCUIT-- EVERY INCH OF *WIRING* IT CONTAINS!

THERE'S NO TIME TO CHANGE ITS COURSE FROM THE *GROUND*-- BUT, BY ALTERING ITS DIRECTION-FINDER *MANUALLY*, I CAN STILL *DO* IT!

CLICK!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

AND, AT *MISSILE CONTROL*--

LOOK! THE ROCKET'S *SWERVING!* IT'S *CHANGING COURSE* AGAIN! IT'LL *OVER-SHOOT* THE CITY!

IT--IT'S JUST LIKE A *MIRACLE!*

WHATEVER THE REASON, A FEW *MILLION* PEOPLE HAVE JUST BEEN GIVEN A NEW LEASE ON LIFE!

MIRACLE, MY *FOOT!* SOMEONE'S *GUIDING* IT-- *THAT'S* FOR SURE!

I *DID* IT! I SET ITS GUIDANCE PACKAGE FOR A HARMLESS *SEA LANDING!*

I'LL BE CARRIED DOWN TO MY DEATH ALONG *WITH* THE ORION--BUT, AT LEAST, MY LIFE WON'T HAVE BEEN GIVEN IN *VAIN!*

THOUGH I'VE LIVED AS THE MONSTROUS *HULK*--I'LL DIE AS *BRUCE BANNER*--I'LL DIE AS--A *MAN!*

BUT, EVEN AS THE HURTLING MISSILE PLUNGES TO A WATERY GRAVE--

NO! DON'T *WANNA* DIE! *WON'T* DIE--!

NOTHING CAN KILL ME! I'M TOO *STRONG*--TOO *POWERFUL!*

THE AWESOME ANTICIPATION OF HIS IMPENDING FATE CAUSES BRUCE BANNER'S *PULSE* TO QUICKEN...ONCE AGAIN TRIGGERING ANOTHER OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE *TRANSFORMATIONS* IN RECORDED HISTORY--!

NOTHING CAN KILL--THE HULK!

BUT, SECONDS LATER, AN AIR FORCE JET, WHICH HAD BEEN FOLLOWING THE RUNAWAY MISSILE, GOES INTO ACTION--!

THE HULK! I'LL GET THAT KILLER!

FLAKKA PAKKA

BLAKKA PAKKA

PTWEEEEEEE

IT'S NO USE! I WASTED MY ROCKETS AGAINST THE ORION--AND ORDINARY BULLETS WON'T HURT HIM!

BUT, AT LEAST I CAN RADIO THE BRASS--SO THEY'LL KNOW WHO WAS BEHIND THE ATTACK ON NEW YORK!

SPARROW ONE TO BASE COMMAND! ORION WAS SABOTAGED BY HULK! RIDING ATOP THE MISSILE, HE TRIED TO AIM IT AT HEART OF CITY, BUT OVERSHOT THE MARK! ORION DESTROYED--BUT HULK STILL LIVES!

BUT NOW, OUR SCENE CHANGES TO THE INTERIOR OF A STRANGE LAB, JUST DISCOVERED BY A CRACK TEAM OF SEARCHING POLICE OFFICERS--

SO THIS IS WHERE THE LEADER'S LAB WAS HIDDEN! I KNEW WE'D FIND IT SOONER OR LATER!

BEATS ME, CHIEF! BUT WE BETTER NOT MESS WITH IT!

BUT, WHAT IN THE NAME OF BENJAMIN J. GRIMM IS THAT?!!

LET'S POKE AROUND SOME... THE LEADER MAY HAVE LEFT SOME NOTES BEHIND!*

*AS EVERY ERUDITE HULKOPHILE KNOWS, THE LEADER WAS THE GREEN-SKINNED ARCH-VILLAIN WHOM OUR JOLLY GREEN GREMLIN FOUGHT ISH AFTER ISH, UNTIL HIS FOE'S SUDDEN DEMISE IN SMASH!

THIS DIARY IS WHAT WE WANT!

THE LEADER BUILT SOME KINDA POWERFUL ROBOTS--HE CALLED 'EM HUMANOIDS!

BUT, THE HULK POLISHED 'EM ALL OFF--EXCEPT THIS ONE!

THIS BOZO WAS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TO BE ABLE TO BEAT THE HULK --NO MATTER WHAT!

TOO BAD THE LEADER DIDN'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO USE HIM!

THIS IS TOO BIG FOR US! I'LL CONTACT THE PENTAGON!

WITHIN AN HOUR, A SPECIAL PLANE BRINGS GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS TO THE SCENE, WITH HIS DAUGHTER, BETTY, AND ACE SECURITY OFFICER, MAJOR GLEN TALBOT...

GENERAL, THINK WHAT IT MEANS IF THAT HUMANOID WAS DESIGNED TO DEFEAT THE HULK!

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, TALBOT! THIS IS OUR ONE CHANCE TO FINISH OFF THAT GREEN GARGOYLE, FOREVER!

IF WE CAN JUST FIND A WAY TO BRING IT TO LIFE!

OF COURSE WE'LL FIND A WAY! I'LL HAVE OUR TOP RESEARCH EXPERT HERE BEFORE NIGHTFALL!

AND THE BOMBASTIC, TWO-FISTED GENERAL IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! FOR, A SHORT TIME LATER--

THOSE ARE THE LEADER'S NOTES! STUDY THEM! I DON'T CARE HOW LONG IT TAKES--I WANT YOU TO BRING THAT HUMANOID TO LIFE!

I'LL WAIT TILL YOU'VE DONE IT! I WANT THAT THING TO DESTROY THE HULK!

BUT, GENERAL --I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT MIGHT TAKE!

I DIDN'T ASK YOU THAT! I SAID I'LL WAIT! THAT'S ALL!

BUT, DAD--

STAY OUT OF THIS, BETTY!

NOW MOVE! NONE OF US ARE GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER!

THEN, SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT--

ACCORDING TO HIS NOTES, EVERYTHING SHOULD BE OPERATIONAL NOW!

ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS MANIPULATE THESE CONTROLS IN THE PROPER SEQUENCE!

THE LEADER MUST HAVE BEEN A GENIUS TO HAVE CREATED SUCH A COMPLEX ARTIFICIAL FORM OF LIFE!

THERE! I'VE DONE IT!

KLAK!

IT WORKED! HE--HE'S ALIVE!

AT LAST! IF ANYTHING CAN DESTROY THE BLASTED HULK, A KING-SIZE HUMANOID SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

LOOK! HE'S SHATTERED THE PLEXI-GLASS CAGE INTO NOTHINGNESS!

HE'S AS POWERFUL AS HE LOOKS!

HE'LL HAVE TO BE--TO BEAT THE HULK!

THUNK!

SUDDENLY...

HOLD IT! DON'T LET HIM GO YET!

WE HAVE TO GIVE HIM HIS ORDERS!

HE MUST BE STOPPED! HE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO GO FREE--OUT OF CONTROL!

HE WON'T STOP, GENERAL!

IT'S LIKE TRYING TO HOLD BACK A TANK!

THUMP!

IT'S WALKING THROUGH A CEMENT WALL--AS THOUGH IT ISN'T THERE!

BULLETS DON'T AFFECT HIM! HIS BODY ABSORBS THEM--LIKE A GIANT SANDBAG!

KRAK!

KRAK! KRAK!

I'LL CALL HQ! WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS! DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF HIM!

MEANWHILE, HIS ONE STEADFAST FRIEND HAS REFUSED TO DESERT THE MOST HATED, HUNTED, HOUNDED, AND HARASSED GREEN-SKINNED HUMAN IN THE WORLD--

HULK! I KNEW I'D FIND YOU HERE!

YOU'VE GOT TO COME WITH ME--I'LL FIND YOU A PLACE TO HIDE!

EVERYONE THINKS YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ORION MISSILE!

THEY DON'T KNOW YOU WERE TRYING TO SAVE THE CITY!

HULK DOESN'T CARE WHAT PEOPLE THINK!

THAT'S GOOD--'CAUSE THEY'RE BLAMIN' YOU FOR EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

SAY! THIS IRON FOUNDRY WOULD BE A GREAT PLACE TO HIDE--IF ONLY WE COULD GET IN!

HULK CAN GET IN--ANYWHERE!

BOY! YOU'RE ONE GUY WHO DOESN'T HAVETA WORRY ABOUT LOSIN' HIS KEY!

KRUNCH!

THE PLACE IS DESERTED!

HURRY!--WON'T STAY HERE LONG!

YOU WAIT HERE, HULK! I'LL GO OUT AND GET US SOMETHING TO EAT!

EVERYONE ATTACKS HULK! BUT WON'T ATTACK ANY MORE! NEXT TIME--HULK ATTACKS--FIRST!

MEANWHILE, AT ANOTHER SECRET HIDEOUT, WE FIND STILL ANOTHER FAMILIAR FIGURE--THE BOMBASTIC BOOMERANG--

SINCE THE SECRET EMPIRE HAS BEEN SMASHED, I HAVEN'T BEEN PAID FOR MY SERVICE TO THEM!

I RISKED MY LIFE--BATTLING THE DEADLY HULK--AND ALL FOR NOTHING!

BUT, IT WASN'T A TOTAL LOSS, AFTER ALL--!

THUD!

AFTER BATTLING THAT GREEN-SKINNED MONSTER, I LEARNED WHAT MY WEAKNESSES WERE--AND HOW TO REMEDY THEM!

I IMPROVED MY SKILL WITH MY BOOMERANG--WITH MY WHIRLING DISCS--WITH MY ROCKET JETS! I'M TWICE THE FIGHTER I WAS BEFORE!

SPLAT

NOW, THERE'S NOTHING I CANNOT DO!

MY FLYING BOOMERANG CAN BE USED LIKE A SUPER-KARATE BLOW--AS THAT SHATTERED 15-INCH IRON SLAB CAN TESTIFY!

EVEN THE HULK HIMSELF COULDN'T STAND UP TO ME NOW--AS HE WILL ONE DAY FIND OUT!

AS FOR MY MINIATURIZED DISCS, THEY'RE FAR DEADLIER THAN EVER!

ALL MY FORMER SKILL, AS AN EX-BASEBALL PITCHER, HAS PAID OFF FOR ME IN SPADES!

WITH A DISC IN MY HAND, NO WEAPON ON EARTH CAN THREATEN ME!

AND MY JETS ARE NOW THE EQUAL OF ANY FLYING DEVICE IN THE WORLD!

NO MATTER HOW FAST, OR FAR THE HULK MAY LEAP--I'M HIS MASTER NOW!

AND, I ALSO POSSESS ONE UNDENIABLE ADVANTAGE...

THE HULK HAS NOTHING BUT *BRUTE STRENGTH* AND *BESTIAL POWER* TO SERVE HIM! BUT *I*--

I HAVE MADE MYSELF EASILY HIS EQUAL IN *POWER*--AND I'M UNDOUBTEDLY HIS *SUPERIOR* IN NATIVE *INTELLIGENCE!*

SO, WHEN NEXT WE MEET AGAIN--IT IS *BOOMERANG* WHO SHALL BE--THE *VICTOR!*

THUD

IF, AT THIS POINT, YOU FEEL THAT THE WHOLE *WORLD* SEEMS TO BE AGAINST OUR HULKISH HERO, WE'D BE INCLINED TO *AGREE* WITH YOU! BUT, TEMPUS FUGIT--

WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE BROUGHT THE HUMANOID TO *LIFE!*

HE'S COMPLETELY OUT OF *CONTROL!*

HE'LL TEAR THE *CITY* APART!

GET THAT *ATOMIC FLAME THROWER* IN POSITION--ON THE *DOUBLE!*

BOOOM

HE DOESN'T EVEN *FEEL* IT! WHAT'S HE *MADE* OF, ANYWAY??

WHATEVER IT *IS*, THERE'S NOTHING IN OUR ARSENAL THAT'LL *STOP* 'IM!

WHEN THEY NICKNAMED HIM THE *HULK-KILLER*, THEY WEREN'T KIDDIN'! EVEN THE GREEN *GIANT* WON'T BE ABLE TO STAND UP TO *HIM!*

LOOK WHAT HE'S *DOIN'*-- WITH HIS BARE FISTS *ALONE!*

OH, *BROTHER!* SCRATCH ONE FLAME-THROWER!

RATTLE

BUT, SUDDENLY, A NEW, TOTALLY *DIFFERENT* TYPE OF WEAPON IS RUSHED INTO POSITION...

QUICK! BEFORE HE CAN REALIZE WHAT'S COMING *NEXT!*

SWING THAT *MUZZLE* AROUND! ESTIMATE TRAJECTORY AT IMPACT POINT *ZERO!*

HE *SEES* YOU! *MOVE*, MAN!

DON'T WORRY, MAJOR! *NOTHING* CAN STAND UP TO THIS ATOMIC-POWERED *SOUND CANNON!*

HERE *GOES*--!

MUST *DE-ACTIVATE* ALL AUDITORY AND SENSORY CIRCUITS! SOUND CANNOT PENETRATE *PLASTITHENE* BODY!

ALTHOUGH STRUCK *POINT-BLANK* BY A CONCENTRATION OF THE DEADLIEST *SOUND IMPULSES* EVER CREATED, THE MONSTER'S *ELECTRONIC BRAIN* SETS UP AN INSTANTANEOUS *DEFENSE*--

TAKE COVER! EVEN AT TARGET ZERO, SOUND DIDN'T AFFECT HIM!

REGROUP AT POSITION B! AWAIT NEW ORDERS! FALL BACK!

ONLY ONE OTHER CHANCE! THE HULK HIMSELF! MAYBE HE CAN STOP HIM!

FAN OUT! COMB THE AREA! FIND THE HULK!

PICK VOLUNTEERS TO ACT AS DECOYS! HE MUST BE LURED TO THIS SPOT!

TAKE OFF!

FOR LONG, GRUELLING MINUTES, THE HARD-PRESSED TROOPS FIGHT A DESPERATE, VALIANT DELAYING ACTION, UNTIL--

KRANG!

WE FOUND HIM! DISPERSE! HE'S HEADING THIS WAY--!

BEHIND BUILDING-- SOUND OF BATTLE! MORE TROOPS--WAITING FOR HULK!

HULK IS THROUGH RUNNING! NOW-- HULK FIGHTS BACK!

AND THEN--AT LAST-- THE TWO RAMPAGING TITANS FACE EACH OTHER--WITH BURNING FURY IN THEIR BREASTS--!

HE'S HERE! NOW, WITH LUCK, THEY'LL BOTH DESTROY EACH OTHER!

AS THOUGH SENSING THAT FATE HAS ORDAINED A LIFE-AND-DEATH BATTLE BETWEEN THEM, THE TWO BEHEMOTHS PREPARE TO STRIKE!

AND THEN--

BOOM

BUT, THOUGH HIS BODY APPEARS TO BE FLESH AND BLOOD, THE HULK-KILLER'S PLASTITHENE FRAME COMPLETELY ABSORBS THE CRUSHING BLOW--!

THAT PUNCH COULD'A SHATTERED A MOUNTAIN-- BUT THE HUMANOID DIDN'T EVEN FEEL IT!

HULK

NOW HE'S TACKLING THE HULK--!

LOOK! HE'S GOT 'IM DOWN!

HE KNOCKED HIM OFF HIS PINS WITH THE FIRST BLOW!

NOW HE'S MOVIN' IN--TO FINISH HIM OFF!

THE HULK'S GROGGY-- HE CAN'T GET TO HIS FEET--!

HULK-INUED NEXT ISH!

FREE! 10 NEW RALEIGH MUSTANG BICYCLES TO BE WON

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sport-shift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and light-weight Endrick rims.

FIVE WEEKS TO GO!

Have you entered yet? If not, there are still five weeks to go with entry coupons in SMASH – WHAM – POW – FANTASTIC – TERRIFIC. Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the 'POWER-packed' five.

Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the 'POWER-packed' five.

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now . . . and as often as you can - POW! WHAM! SMASH! *you* can win one of our ten super bikes - FREE!

HOW TO ENTER Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses.

If you are aged 10 or under you may complete the entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgment in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in the five Power Comics.

Cut around the broken line

FREE ENTRY FORM – POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select

Bachelors	
Barron Knights	
Cat Stevens	
Cliff Richard	
Dusty Springfield	
Freddie and the Dreamers	
Ken Dodd	
Lulu	
Mammas and Poppas	
Manfred Mann	
Monkees	
Paul and Barry Ryan	
Petula Clark	
Sandie Shaw	
Seekers	
Shadows	
Tom Jones	
Tremeloes	
Val Doonican	
Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....

(Block letters)

.....

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.99. **19.7.67**

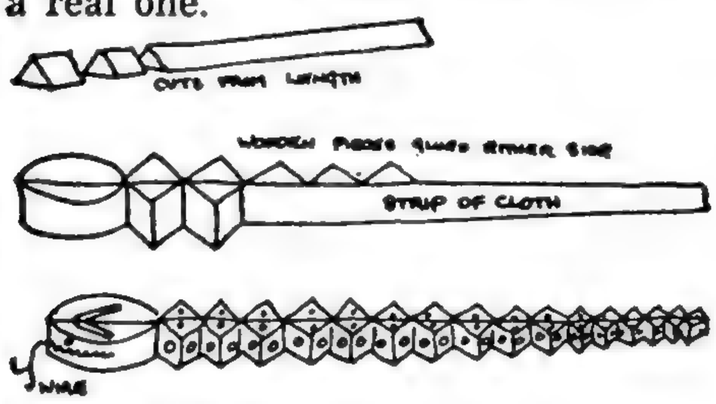
MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

SNAKES ALIVE!

Produce this suddenly in a dim light and you won't be the most popular lad around. It weaves about just like a real snake.

Take a strip of fairly tough cloth about six inches long, half an inch wide one end, tapering off a bit to the other. Now cut some triangular bits of wood (maybe off a long piece you've shaped up with your pen knife) and glue one on either side as shown in the illustration. This is the body of the snake. Carve two bits for the head and stick one each side of the cloth strip the same way. If you hold this near the "tail" the body will weave about like a real one.



BLOWING UP A BALL

Take a deep breath, blow upwards through a drinking-straw and hold a ping-pong ball in the airstream. Keep blowing steadily, while you let the ball go—and notice that it keeps in the air-stream, so long as you keep blowing.

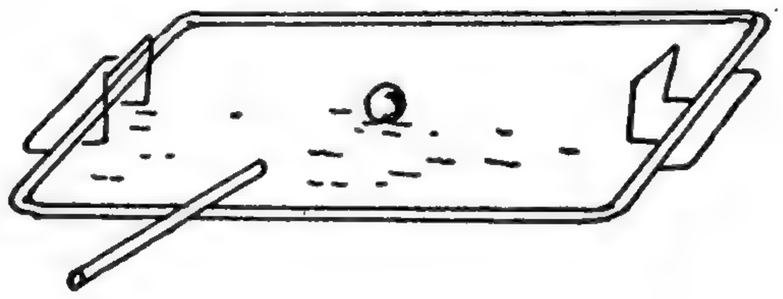
Now make a 4in. diameter wire ring on a handle, which roughly resembles the shape of Sherlock Holmes' magnifying glass.

Then, while you hold the straw in one hand—and blow up through the straw to balance the ping-pong ball in mid-air, use your other hand to pass the wire ring to and fro around the flying ball. This needs a little practice, but it looks very impressive to your friends.

FOR A WET DAY

If you like playing "Blow Football," try "Blow Polo" for an exciting change. All you want is a large plastic tray—the bigger the better—or something similar, some rolled tubes of paper for blowing, and two pieces of wire twisted into the shapes of stand-up goal posts, and a table tennis ball.

Fill your tray with water, put a goal post at either end, centre the ball and start blowing! It's very fast and very damp. Just the thing for a wet day!

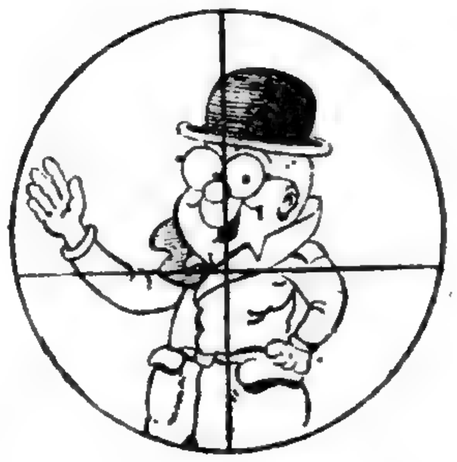


ATTRACTIVE ADDITION

Give your friend a pencil and paper, and challenge him to prove that 4 minus 4 equals 8. . . . When he fails, say that you will do it without even using the pencil.

The answer is to fold the paper into four—and then to tear off the four corners. Then, when the paper is opened out again, it will have eight CORNERS.

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.



THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. IS REALLY IN TROUBLE THIS TIME—HE'S HAVING TEA WITH DR. GOOLE—TEA WITH CYANIDE CREAM!!!

RIGHT! OPEN UP HIS CAKEHOLE!

I COULD MAKE A HOLE SOMEWHERE ELSE!

NO—HIS CAKEHOLE WILL DO NICELY!

OPEN WIDE, PLEASE! HEH! HEH!

SNAP!

AIEE! OOH! OOH! HE BIT ME FINGIES!

GRRR! IF I HAD KNOWN HE WAS HUNGRY I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT A BISCUIT, TOO!

CRUMP!

AAGH! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! HE MUST HAVE NINE LIVES!

WHOOSH!

TOUGH LUCK, SQUIRT! LARRY LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!

NOW TO FIND OUT WHERE OLD GOOLE IS HIDING HIS DIABOLICAL SOAP-IT'S GOT TO BE DESTROYED!

30 M.P.H. ZOOM!

THIS MUST BE IT—WHY ELSE WOULD IT READ, 'KEEP OUT'?

KEEP ZE OUT

THIS MIGHT BE CALLED AN-ER-SPANISH 'PICK-A-DOOR'! SNIGGER!

SMASH!

CRASH!

KEEP ZE OUT

WELCOME AWAY!

AND HERE'S A 'MAT-A-DOOR'

AND NOW I'VE 'TORE-A-DOOR'! HEH! HEH!

OH, NO! THAT'S NOT SOAP! I'VE FOUND DR. GOOLE'S SECRET HOARD OF LOLLIPOPS—HE'S DAFT ON THEM!

WHAT YOU DO HERE, SENOR? WHO ARE YOU?

GASP!

ER—I'M THE LOLLIPOP MAN! I'M LOOKING FOR SCHOOL KIDS TO HELP ACROSS THE ROAD! G-GULP!

SPEECH-LESS

AYEE! I KNOW ZAT HORRIBLE FACE! YOU ARE THAT TWIT, ZE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E., ARE YOU NOT?

ER- ASK ME ANOTHER? GULP!

HEH! HEH! ZE BOSS, HE BE PLENTY PROUD OF ME!

CRUMPLE!

AAGH! WHAT I DONE? I'VE CRUMPLED HIM THROUGH ZE FLOOR!

CRUNCH!

GOSH! THIS IS DISHY! THIS MUST BE FOUL FIFI'S BEDROOM!

THUD!

ONE OF FIFI'S WIGS AND A FEW ODDS AND ENDS AND NO-ONE WILL RECOGNISE ME!

I LOOK GORGEOUS! I ALMOST GAVE MYSELF A KISS IN THERE!

GRRR! THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. *MUST* BE FOUND! HE MUST BE EXTERMINATED!

SUCH BRAVE, HANDSOME MEN!

WAIT! WAIT! I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT LITTLE BLONDE BEFORE! SHE'S NOT ONE OF US, BORIS!

SCREECH!

WHO ARE YOU- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY BOY- I'M FIFI'S SISTER! DIDN'T SHE TELL YOU I WAS COMING?

TWEEK!

BLUSH!

COO! WE COULD WITH ANOTHER DISHY GIRL IN THIS PLACE

AND SO...

THIS IS WHAT HE MEANT BY 'DISHY'- A *DISH WASHER!*

GET ON WITH IT!

NEXT WEEK:
YOU WASH AND I'LL DRY!!!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

DOCTOR GLOOM'S DESPERATE BID TO DESTROY **RUBBERMAN** HAS FAILED. BUT RUBBERMAN FEELS NO JOY, THOUGH HE THINKS THAT THE EVIL DOCTOR IS NOW DEAD...

AS DAWN LIGHT STIRS ROME TO AWAKENING LIFE...

THAT IS HIM! THE ENGLISHMAN WHO WAS CURSED BY AN INDIAN FAKIR... AND TURNED INTO A *MAN OF RUBBER!*

AGAIN I MUST GO ON ENDURING THE LOOKS AND THE WHISPERINGS! ONCE MORE I MUST CONTINUE MY SEARCH FOR THE DEVIL WHO TURNED ME INTO A FREAK... INTO A RUBBERMAN!

I MUST LEAVE ROME FOR THAT FIENDISH FAKIR IS NOT HERE. AND NOW THAT *DOCTOR GLOOM* CAN NO LONGER MENACE MANKIND – I *CAN* LEAVE!

BUT, ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY...

AAAGHHH! THE LIGHT... IT IS SURGING THROUGH MY BODY LIKE A THOUSAND NEEDLES!

!

AN ASHEN-FACED POLICEMAN FUMBLES IN FEAR FOR HIS GUN...

IT... IT'S THE MONSTER! HE'S COME BACK AGAIN!

YOU... YOU MEDDLING DOG! *YOU* DID THIS TO ME!

BEFORE THE LUCKLESS LAWMAN CAN FIRE...

AAAGHHH!

SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO ME? *DOG! DOG! FOOL!*

I MUST GET BACK TO MY LAIR OF BLESSED DARKNESS! I MUST PROTECT MYSELF FROM THIS PAIN... THIS CURSED LIGHT!

AAAHHH! A GIANT!

WITHIN MINUTES, THE CITY POLICE ARE ALERTED...

HE'S LOOSE AGAIN! THE MONSTER YOU CALLED DOCTOR GLOOM!

WE'RE SEARCHING THE CITY FOR HIM!

POLIZIA

THE MONSTER? THEY MUST MEAN THAT GLOOM IS NOW *A GIANT* AGAIN. A RAGING MAMMOTH WHOSE ONLY WISH IS TO DESTROY... DESTROY!

I MUST JOIN IN THE SEARCH FOR HIM! BUT WHERE HAS HE GONE? HOW COULD A MAN OF HIS SIZE HIDE IN A CITY? *WHERE* WOULD HE HIDE HIMSELF?

SUDDENLY, RUBBERMAN REMEMBERS...

WAIT! HE THOUGHT I WAS STILL FLESH AND BLOOD! HE THOUGHT THAT PROFESSOR LEPPO'S MACHINE WORKED! THAT THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF MY BODY HAD BEEN CHANGED!

LOOK! LOOK!

IT'S *RUBBERMAN!*

HE NEEDS TO CHANGE THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF *HIS* BODY, TOO! IF LEPPO'S MACHINE *ALMOST* WORKED FOR ME... IT IS HIS ONLY HOPE THAT IT *WILL* WORK FOR HIM!

HE WILL REASON THAT OUT... I'M SURE OF IT. AND THAT IS WHERE HE WILL MAKE FOR!

MOMENTS LATER, RUBBERMAN REACHES THE SILENT LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR LEPPO...

HE IS NOT HERE YET! I ALONE CAN MATCH MYSELF AGAINST HIM! SO I'LL WAIT!

HE WILL COME... OF THAT I AM CERTAIN! AND WHEN HE DOES WE WILL HAVE WHAT MUST HAPPEN BETWEEN US... *A SHOWDOWN!*

BUT GLOOM IS NEARER THAN RUBBERMAN REALISES...

UHH...?

CRASH!

RUBBERMAN... SO YOU'RE HERE! YOU, CURSE YOU, YOU KNEW I WOULD COME...!

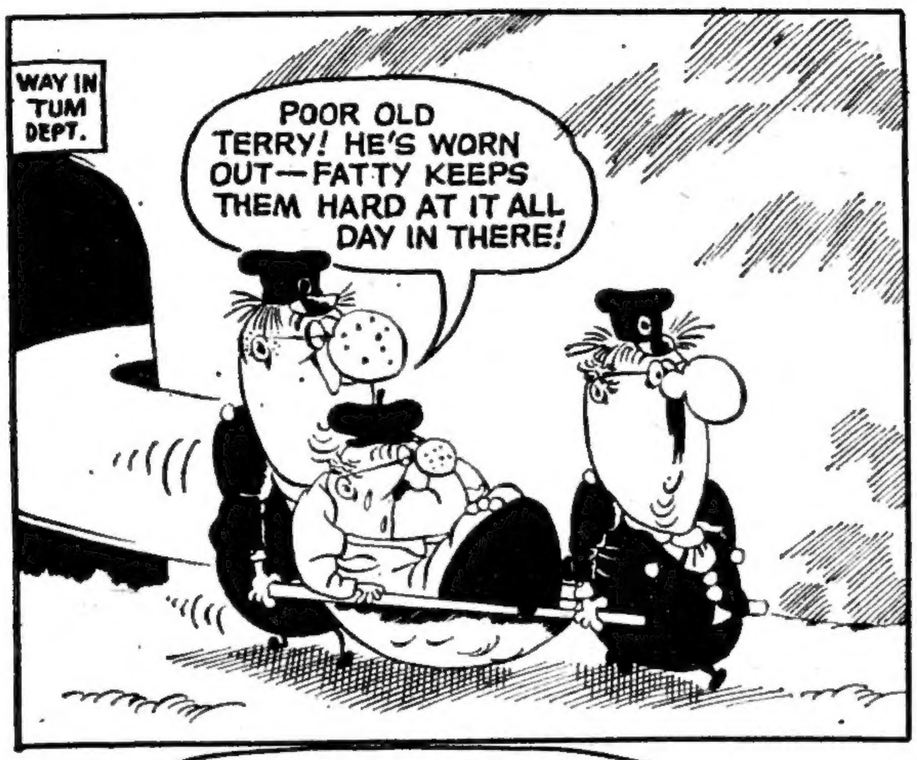
FOR ALL HIS SIZE, DOCTOR GLOOM MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING CONDOR...

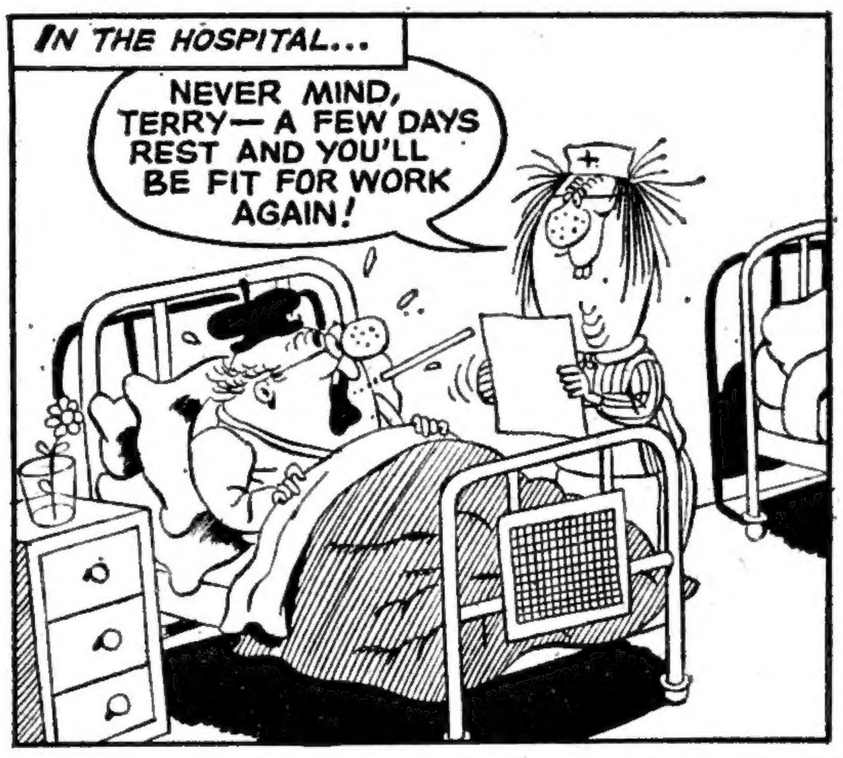
CRAACK!

ONLY *YOU* STAND IN MY WAY NOW! BUT NOT FOR LONG, RUBBERMAN... *NOT FOR LONG!*

*HOW CAN EVEN **RUBBERMAN'S** POWERS COMPARE WITH THOSE OF HIS EVIL OPPONENT—THE GIGANTIC DOCTOR GLOOM? HOLD YOUR BREATH FOR RUBBERMAN'S GREATEST DUEL — **NEXT WEEK!***

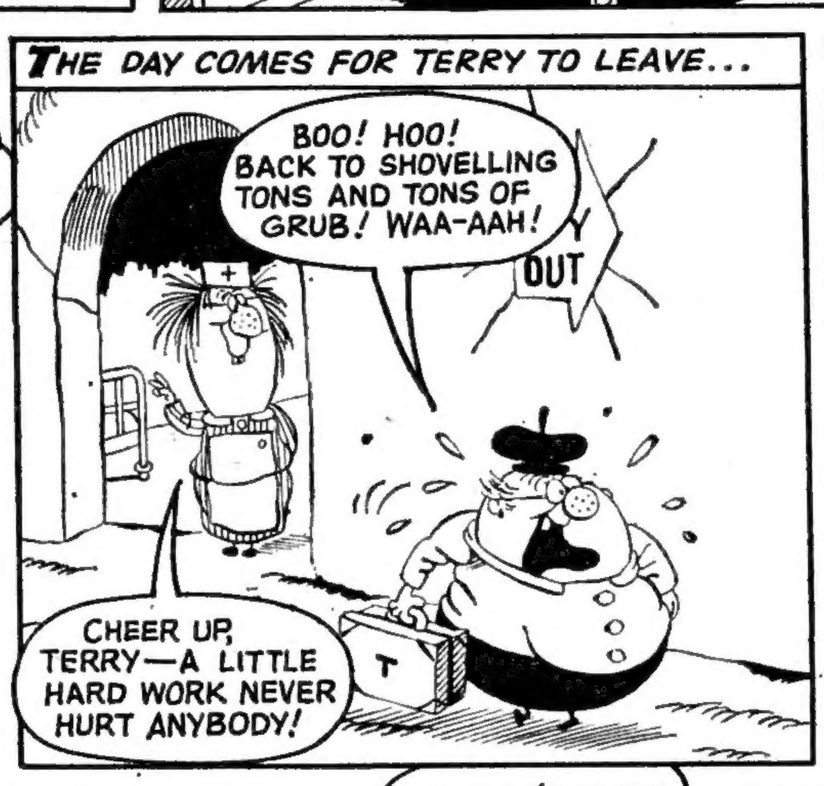
THE NERVS

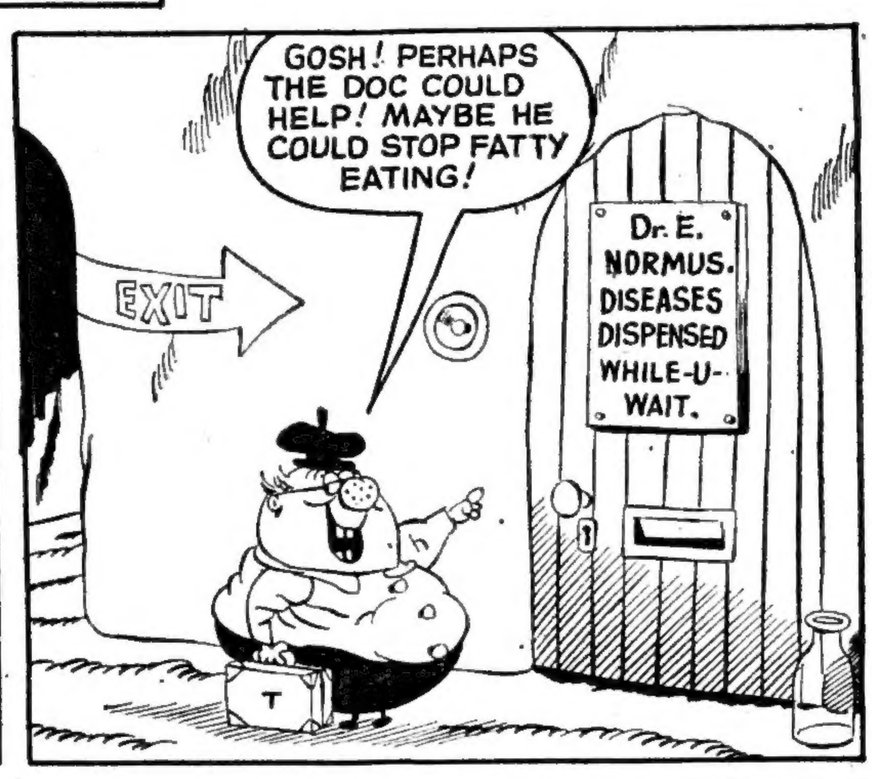

WAY IN TUM DEPT.
POOR OLD TERRY! HE'S WORN OUT—FATTY KEEPS THEM HARD AT IT ALL DAY IN THERE!


IN THE HOSPITAL...
NEVER MIND, TERRY— A FEW DAYS REST AND YOU'LL BE FIT FOR WORK AGAIN!

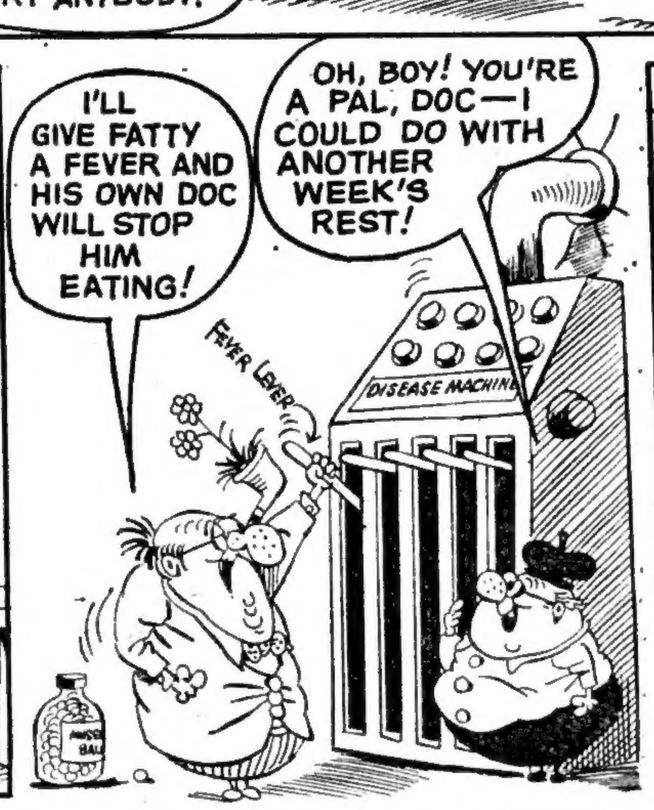
NO! NO! DON'T SEND ME BACK THERE— IT'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME! KEEP ME HERE! PLEASE! PLEASE!
TERRY

THERE NOW, TERRY! I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO HELP YOU SLEEP—YOU'LL FEEL AS RIGHT AS RAIN IN THE MORNING!

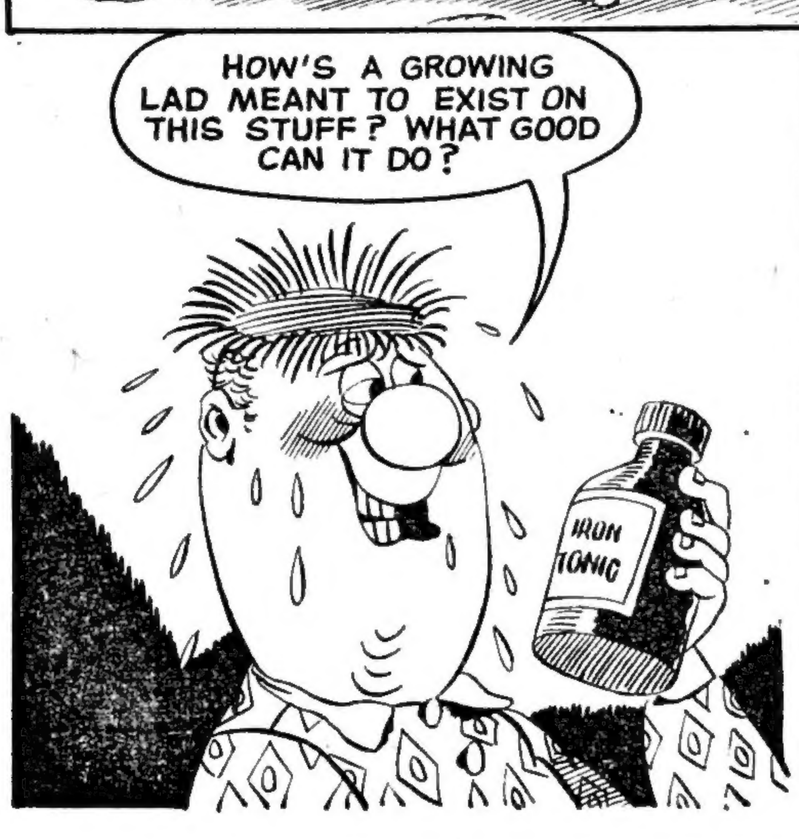

THE DAY COMES FOR TERRY TO LEAVE...
BOO! HOO! BACK TO SHOVELLING TONS AND TONS OF GRUB! WAA-AAH!
OUT
CHEER UP, TERRY—A LITTLE HARD WORK NEVER HURT ANYBODY!
T


GOSH! PERHAPS THE DOC COULD HELP! MAYBE HE COULD STOP FATTY EATING!
EXIT
Dr. E. NORMUS. DISEASES DISPENSED WHILE-U-WAIT.
T

HMM! I SUPPOSE I COULD DO IT, TERRY! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY— FEED A COLD AND STARVE A FEVER!
DR. NORMUS M.D.
HERBAL MIXTURE
T


I'LL GIVE FATTY A FEVER AND HIS OWN DOC WILL STOP HIM EATING!
OH, BOY! YOU'RE A PAL, DOC—I COULD DO WITH ANOTHER WEEK'S REST!
FEVER LEVER
DISEASE MACHINE

AND SO...
HMM! I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GOT A FEVER, BOY— I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU ON A STARVATION DIET—A GOOD TONIC MIGHT DO THE TRICK!


HOW'S A GROWING LAD MEANT TO EXIST ON THIS STUFF? WHAT GOOD CAN IT DO?
IRON TONIC

STOP MOANING— AND GET IT DOWN, YOU BIG BABY!
GROOH!
SLUP!
IRON TONIC

AND IN FATTY'S TUM...
RUMBLE!
HEH! HEH! IT'S WORKING! NO STODGY GRUB TO CLEAR UP NOW!
STOMACH DEPARTMENT

RUMBLE!

AAGH! I'M BEING CLOBBERED!

CRUNCH!

THUD!

STOMACH DEPARTMENT

GRR! THE IRON PELLETS IN THE TONIC ARE TOO SMALL FOR FATTY TO NOTICE BUT THEY'RE LIKE BLOOMING GREAT CANNONBALLS TO US LITTLE NERVS!

GRR! I BET DOCTOR NORMUS KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN—I'LL FIX HIM!

AND SO...

LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT, MATE!

BOOM!

AAGH! HELP! I DIDN'T KNOW! HONEST! WAA-AAH!

G-GULP! I'D BETTER GET THINGS BACK TO NORMAL BEFORE TERRY BREAKS EVERY BONE IN MY BODY!

EXIT

PLEASE KNOCK

Dr. E. NORMUS. DISEASES DISPENSED WHILE-U-WAIT.

I'LL STOP FATTY'S FEVER THEN THAT'LL STOP HIM TAKING THE TONIC! GASP! GASP!

DISEASE MACHINE

NEXT MOMENT...

SUFFERING SEMOLINA! MY FEVER'S GONE! I FEEL AS FIT AS A FIDDLE!

YAHOO! IT MUST'VE BEEN THAT IRON TONIC! I TAKE BACK ALL I SAID ABOUT THAT DOCTOR!

GET OUT THE GRUB, MUM! I'M CURED—AND I'M ABSOLUTELY STARVING! SLURP! SLURP!

SLOP! SLURP! MUNCH!

SHORTEST FEVER I'VE EVER KNOWN!

AND DOWN IN THE STOMACH DEPARTMENT...

STOMACH DEPARTMENT

I THINK I'D RATHER BE CLOBBERED WITH CANNONBALLS THAN SHIFT THIS BLINKING LOT! I'LL NEED ANOTHER STRETCHER SOON, AT THIS RATE! SIGH!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

COO! THINKING OF GOING ON STAGE, UNCLE GRIMLY?

YEAH! I'M GOING TO-ER-STAGE A ROBBERY! HEE! HEE!

LATER...

RIGHT! YOU TWO STAY HERE WITH THE GETAWAY CART—WHILE I WIN THE SILVER CUP AT THE DOG SHOW —*EVEN IF I LOSE!*

NO-ONE WILL RECOGNISE YOU, GRIMLY!

KNICK-KNACK PADDYWACK—I'LL GIVE THE *JUDGE* THE BONE! *HEH! HEH!*

THERE IT IS—I'LL BE RICH! *SNIGGER!*

SLURP! COR! WHAT A SMASHING BONE!

TAKE THAT, BONEHEAD—WHILE I TAKE *THIS! SNIGGER!*

CLOMP!

SLURP! GOT IT!

WAAAAGH! COPPED BY A DOG!

CRACK!

OOOMPH! I'VE HIT THE TENT POLE!

ULP! SEEMS GRIMLY'S BROUGHT THE ROOF DOWN!

DOG SHOW

CALL THE POLICE—THE TENT'S COLLAPSED!

GOT YOU, YOU GREAT POOCH!

OH, NO! THEY'VE NETTED GRIMLY!

A WEEK LATER...

DOG POUND

S'FUNNY! ALL THE OTHER DOGS HAVE BEEN CLAIMED EXCEPT THIS OLD FELLAH—I WONDER WHY?

DO YOU THINK IT'S TIME WE GOT FIDO...ER... I MEAN, UNCLE GRIMLY, YET, SQUELCH? SNIGGER!

LESLIE CROWTHER SAYS...

SUCK IT AND SEE— ITS MAGIC!

New Mighty Magic

MIZ

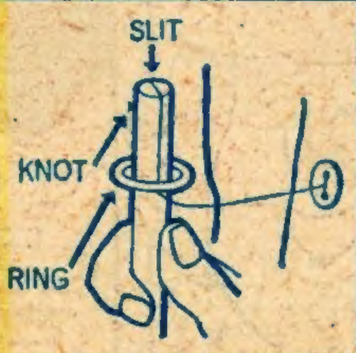
Wall's

NOW BANANA OUTSIDE— NEW TOFFEE INSIDE!

First, lots of smooth banana-flavoured ice cream. Mmmm-marvellous! Then, a gorgeous great chunk of chewy toffee to make it last *so much longer!*

AND **A TERRIFIC MAGIC TRICK ON EVERY PACK!**

THERE ARE LOTS OF SUPER TRICKS TO LEARN— TRY THIS ONE ON YOUR FRIENDS



MAGIC FLOATING RING

1. First, make a small slit across the base of a pencil. **2.** Then attach the finest thread you can find to the slit in the pencil. Attach the other end to a button on your jacket. **3.** Now drop a curtain ring (or any other small ring) over the top of pencil as shown. **4.** By moving the pencil backwards and forwards the ring will rise and fall at your command!